

The Liberalist

Compensation

I never knew a night so black
Light failed to follow in its track;
I never knew a storm so gray
It failed to have its clearing day;
I never knew such bleak despair
That there was not a rift somewhere;
I never knew an hour so drear
Love could not fill it full of cheer.

—Edwin H. Stuart.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley Associate Editor

Volume XV

Chicago, Ill., June, 1938

Number 3

MEDITATION

"Infinite Heart, on this last opportunity which we shall have for a long time to become the articulation for human hearts, in this moment of conference with Thee, we would first and immediately express our gratitude. We are grateful for the privilege which has been ours during the years which have passed; we are grateful for this great Institution which has become a part of so many lives. We are grateful for this high privilege, and in our moments of retrospection, as we look back at the years, it is for pardon that we seek that we have been unable to do more with it, and to do it better, and we would ask, as we stand today upon the beginning of another year's work together, that we might do it better than we have ever done in the past. We are grateful that Thou hast given us strength, that we have tried to meet as best we could the responsibilities which have been involved and have devolved upon us, that we have tried to speak the cheering word and to help the faltering heart, and we are grateful for the physical sustenance which we have had as we have been privileged to carry on the task and to shoulder the burden. And now today, as we must say goodbye for the weeks which are to come, and realize that this congregation shall never be together again just as we are now, that this is the only moment like it, like any that have passed or any which we can anticipate, and we ask that we might make the most of it. Wilt Thou richly endow every heart that the summer interim might find them restored and re-created. Take every individual that is suf-

fering and has problems and anxieties and let them find an anchorage somewhere. Everyone who is disillusioned and distorted with life, somehow might the passion of our inmost being to find a way that we might speak the word which will help them during the summer, be ours this day. O, we are grateful for these years, for the friends we have made, for the comradeship of life which we have formed, for the noble and energetic and sacrificing men and women and young men and young women that have stood by our sides and have held up our hands all during the years.

Infinite and eternal Truth, for these things we are grateful, and now might we turn our faces and our hearts toward the tomorrows. We do not anticipate, neither do we care to know what those tomorrows may bring, we only ask that we might meet every hour of life with fortitude and with faith, that we might do our best with every circumstance and every experience which is ours. Might these things build for us the impregnable character and constructive life that will withstand whatever the years have to offer. So let us not be afraid, but let us put our shoulders back and raise our chins high, and whatever problems and difficulties and sorrows and tears may be for us, may we do our utmost all the way along, and that is all we seek, that is all we ask.

To those of our household of faith, and particularly the beloved officer of our Church who at this moment is listening to this service from a hospital bed, might she know that we sense her presence and the goodwill of her heart.

and life, and use every agency being utilized, give Thy favor upon the judgment of physicians, bless everything being done for the restoration of her health, and may she return to us the same vivacious and vivid and vital personality which we have known for many years. And all others that we do not know, and cannot name, all who are in hospitals, in jails, in institutions, in lonely places, the men upon the ships who have written to us this week that they

will be listening while their boats are on the sea, wherever these closing moments of this church year shall reverberate against human hearts, may they be uplifted, inspired and life be better for us all.

And in the spirit of that lonely and gentle heart of far-off Galilee, who loved life and loved mankind and taught us how to pray, we sing and pray in his memory.

"IF I HAD BUT ONE SERMON TO PREACH"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, June 12, 1938

"There is a very sobering thought which one has on daring to speak upon the subject 'If I had but one sermon to preach', for who knows, or who can say, that perhaps that is all I have. Life is a very uncertain thing these days, and every twenty-four hours of time it is an usual experience for most of us to have something drop out of a clear sky and change the entire program of our life. And consequently when I selected this subject for the few closing words which, out of the depth of my heart and soul, I want to have linger with you during the weeks that we will be separated one from the other, I thought that I might be able to garner up many of the thoughts and emphases to which you have become accustomed during the past, and restate them with a vividness and power which would increase their influence and retain their significance over your lives and hearts as the weeks pass before I shall stand in this pulpit, which I love, again.

Well, of course, to be quite truthful about the matter, no preacher ever has but one sermon, and to be quite truthful about the matter, I have never preached, in the twenty-six years which I have stood in this pulpit, but one sermon. Every life has a dominating motif; each of us are swayed and conditioned by that

motif, and while we might give it a variety of emphases, both in our utterances and in our conduct, yet behind both of what we say and are, there is this great dominating motif of life. Consequently, while I may have chosen many subjects and during the years have had a wide variety of themes, down underneath all of the surface of this there has been but one sermon. And those of us, who are interested in trying to make our lives significant events as we pass through this world, do well occasionally to stop, pause a moment, think about what that fundamental imperative, that dominating motivation, that characterizes your life and mine actually is.

And so, if I had only one sermon to preach, which is all that I have ever had, but if this was the last opportunity which I shall have to ever preach that sermon, and if I only felt that I was standing here in the sacred responsibility of the relationship which I bear, and that these words of mine should be the last words that will fall upon your mortal ears and you were to remember me from one sermon, what should I like that remembrance to be, and what should that sermon consist of? I have stood during the years, and I hope to continue to stand, upon the basis of intellectual integrity. I have never run

away from a new truth; I have never deserted a new fact, and I have never tried to hold an opinion that was not justified by intellectual rectitude. Consequently it has driven me into areas of theological and philosophical speculation which has set me apart from many of my colleagues in the more conservative and orthodox pulpits of the land, and yet I felt that my primary responsibility was in the realm of such fidelity to truth. I have consistently attempted to remove inimical response and reflection as determining attributes in whatever opinions I might hold. I have tried to look at life and its problems steadily and I have not been afraid of the adventuresome, and I have not neglected the experimental, I have felt that the truth is constantly in process of revelation, that is why I cannot accept the boundary lines of stated creeds, and that is why I cannot accept the spirit of finality as applied to life. To me, there are no finalities, and there are no absolutes. LIFE IS, it is the evolving, the growing, the developing, the adapting, the re-orientation of life that keeps it zestful and makes it delightful. Therefore I have not buried my devotions in the antiquities of medievalism, and I have felt that truth was constantly seeking at the door of the house of life asking to be admitted as a guest and as a sojourner. Nobody has the truth, all of it, no church dare claim that, no creed dare claim that. Who has a mortgage on truth? Who has been so highly endowed in a changing process that they dare say 'This is final!' or 'This is ultimate!?' Consequently my ministry has been characterized by the experimental process. I have gone into every avenue which I could find, trying to be simply, and truly, a truth-seeker, and that is all I am today. And if I had only one last word, it would be a word of keeping life adventuresome on this basis of refusing to be tyrannized, brow-beaten, or subdued,

by the ancient factors of mutilation and destruction of fear and superstition; that we should cleanse our minds and baptize our hearts afresh in the clean, bright, glowing beauty of an evolving world, and not a dead world or a dead church or a useless creed; that the mind was constructed to ever penetrate the mysteries and the secrets of the universe, of which we are a part, and no man honors more the life, of which he is a part, than by such a quest. Ignorance, fear, superstition, bondage, tyranny, these are the things which destroy the soul. Don't think that it is mere morality that does it; don't think that it is merely some of these things that are so commonly associated with some theory of sin that does it. **Remember, there is a sin which is a mortal sin in intellectual iniquity just as much as there is a moral iniquity!** That to believe a lie and to devote oneself to the viciousness of coercion and fear is just as destructive of the soul as it would be to kill or to murder, for it is the integrity of the mind with which we must be concerned if life is to experience that unfoldment and the realization of beauty which is the objective of every honest heart.

So, as the years pass, I become increasingly devoted, my dear friends, to one or two approaches which I can only suggest to you. That they will be exceedingly and exceptionally familiar to you, I fully understand. Now, what are they? If there is any discouraged heart here or listening, or if there is any disillusioned life, anyone that has lost the way, anybody that is becoming embittered and hateful and spiteful, anybody who is not in control of their own faculties of emotion sufficiently that they can reason things through rationally and scientifically, if there is such an individual in such a state of dilemma, and these would be the last words which I would be privileged to speak to such a life, they would be words like these: **I am an undefeatist!**

I believe, as much as I believe life itself, that every individual has within themselves an undefeatable something! I believe with all the passion of my being that life was made, designed, created, born to be a victorious experience! Therefore I believe in the fundamental rectitude of the universe, of which I am a part. I believe that the great creative Intelligence which is behind the entire objective of our modern world knew just what he was doing when he whispered your soul and mine into reality, and I think that heart, and body, and no matter what the storm that buffets and the tempest that howls about us and the lightning that stabs us, and no matter about the tears and the sorrows which melt and mould life and shapes it under the pitiable instrumentation of destiny, no matter about that, your life was meant to be a victorious life, and if we can only get back to the way of victory, if we can only realize that within the deepest recesses of our beings, if we could only realize that truth! Of course you cannot realize that truth, in the actual realization of it, without recognizing the moral integrity of the universe of which you are a part. That is primary, ladies and gentlemen. This universe is good; it is good. There is much more goodness in it than badness; many more fine people than vicious people; much more laughter than tears; much more heroic sacrifice than running away from life; much more victory than failure! The fine people and the good people, and the strong people and the people that are co-operative and want to help and the people that sacrifice and love you are vastly in the majority, and if you have brought your life to such a pitch that that is not true, you have my pity. There is no one I pity more than the individual who sits down, and after careful consideration, finally discovers that they have more enemies than friends. The individual who is so embittered with life,

and sour with life, and cynical with life, the individual who has created for himself the fallacy that everybody is against them. If everybody is against you, it is almost prima facie evidence that you have first been against yourself. Most of us create our own disasters, and then when the storm comes, the tempest rages, and we may be jobless, and lost our money, we may feel that life has brow-beaten us and lied to us and has been unkind to us, then we sit down quietly and wonder about our own hates. I have met people in the last few weeks that have closed the doors of their own recovery by hatreds in their own hearts. Hate has a way of destroying you and me. It will destroy nations, it will rob cultures! Hate has a way of self-destruction and you cannot be malicious, and you cannot talk about them behind their backs, and you cannot be unkind and uncharitable, and you cannot lie, and you cannot do these things without Hate sitting enthroned as an instrument of power and laughing at you! A laugh like the laugh of Mephistopheles! I can hear the laughter of Hate as he laughs at you, "Ah, I have you in my grasp, I will destroy you if I can make you hate enough!" And it will, and I wish I could get that lesson to the world!

Sometimes I think if I had only one sermon to preach I would not preach it talking of theology, I would not preach it talking of philosophy even, I would not preach it talking of economics, I think I would do what I have always done and tried to do and sometimes failed so deeply, I think I would try to preach people to be kind. What a jittery world it is! We are all experiencing the psychosis. You see you cannot have a world in which little children and women and people, who have utterly nothing to do with the world's problems on the basis of political or diplomatic relationships, being destroyed, killed and brutalized, and

you cannot have the Truth and Beauty of Freedom imperilled, and you cannot have Truth upon the scaffold, and Freedom upon the scaffold, and you cannot have a world exhausting its resources and destroying its potentialities by HATE, you cannot have that kind of a world, it is impossible, without having the same world spirit somehow take possession of your heart at times, and mine. Why? We are all little individuals, and as little individuals we are but the epitomy of the whole race and the whole historical civilization! And how touchy people are; they are more so to-day than I have ever known them to be. How they emphasize their rights! How they feel that they have been cruelly treated! How deep-seated is their sense of injustice, and how completely, with a velocity which is startling, do they tell us their opinions and hatreds! And don't you see the world spirit? It is the world spirit! You cannot confine it to Japan or China, you cannot confine it to the Pyrenean Mountains, to the North Sea! We are breathing it in the atmospheric relationship with the cosmos that Japan and China were in. A few hours ago they had the moon that we have; they have the sun and the stars that we have. The old world is turning around and we are all sensing, in our own experiences, this world spirit of hatred, and quickly criticisms leap to our lips, and quickly judgments are formed, and then the first thing we know we have broken somebody's heart and we have caused tears to flow, and we have hurt somebody's life. O, beat back that spirit in your hearts, as I must beat it back. And that's why the message for this century, and if I am spared other years to come back to this pulpit from the travels of the summer and the experiences which will be mine and over which I have little control, if I am privileged to speak again and to raise my voice, I will still go on and on with a plea that is the

deepest passion of my soul, the plea for tolerance, a plea for understanding, a plea for kindness. Will you consider the spirit in which it is said and remember that I am saying it only in that spirit, and try to sense the reason why I say it, and try to understand it. Somewhat shocking as it may be as you first hear it, I say quite simply in this closing sermon, that I have not an enemy. O yes, there are people who hate me, and there are people who criticize, and there are people who wound and hurt deeply. I did not say that I had no enemies from others, I said that I have no enemies, and I have none. I would be kind, if I could, to the most bitter enemy or to the most severe critic, and that's why I have stood for tolerance and brotherhood. Whatever your race, whatever your creed, whatever your color, let me walk by your side, a friend. I cannot destroy my own soul by hating anybody; I cannot prostitute and violate my own heart by hating back. You cannot hate back. Love is the power, love is the answer, love is the remedy, and if I could write this imperishable sentence into every human heart, I would be ready to face that future quite at peace, whatever it is, and that sentence is this:

'Earth hath no sorrow, no trouble, no tragedy, no sin, that LOVE cannot heal.'

There is none; it does not exist, and this great, eternal, golden thread of motif runs through my sermons. It was in the first one, it is in the last one. I shall never preach one without it. I would rather go to my grave and have someone say 'He loved his fellow-men, of whatever race, creed or color,' than any other compliment that could ever be bestowed upon me. That I lived and I died a friend of humanity; that religion and race and politics and all the rest never had a chance to make me hate.

And so I close reluctantly, and I want everyone of you to re-

member that great truth, that there is no more beautiful admonition in the world than the admonition of the ancient teacher: 'Love one another,' and the lonely life that died upon the cross died that we might live and love. And there is hardly a more beautiful couplet or a more necessary one than these old familiar words which I want to be a part of the only sermon I may ever preach. That couplet, there is none better. You could almost all say it with me; you know it:

'So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and
wind,
When just the art of being
kind
Is all this sad world needs.'

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DOCTOR BRADLEY KEPT THE FOLLOWING ENGAGEMENTS DURING THE MONTH OF MAY

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- 1—Sermon. Peoples Church.
- 1—Address. Thorne Hall. Menorah Society.
- 2—Two addresses. Farragut High School.
- 2—Address. Union Ave. Swedish M.E. Church.
- 3—Address. Meadville Theological Seminary.
- 3—Address. Dusable High School.
- 4—Commencement. Union Mills High School.
- 5—Commencement. High School. Spencer, Ind.
- 6—Address Welles Park Woman's Club.
- 6—Address. Central Y.M.C.A.
- 7—Radio Address. N.B.C. "Motherhood."
- 8—Sermon. Peoples Church.
- 8—Radio Address. Longene-Wittnauer Hour.
- 8—Address. Warren Ave. Congregational Church.
- 9—Address. Woman's Bohemian Civic Club.
- 9—Board Meeting. Peoples Church.
- 9—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.

- 11—Address. Woodlawn Kiwanis Club.
- 11—Dinner. Unitarian Council. Lincoln Center.
- 11—Address. Brevort Hotel.
- 12—Address. Friends of Literature Annual Dinner.
- 13—Address. Loyal Order of Moose.
- 15—Sermon. Peoples Church.
- 15—Radio Address. W.B.B.M.
- 15—Address. Savoy Ballroom. The Defender.
- 15—Address. Young People's Forum.
- 21—Annual Luncheon. Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairman.
- 21—Address. Annual Banquet. Beta Sigma Phi.
- 22—Sermon. Peoples Church.
- 22—Radio address. Longene-Wittnauer Hour.
- 22—Memorial Service. Forest Home Cemetery.
- 23—Address. Chicago & Cook Co. Federation.
- 23—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
- 23—Address. Men's Club of the Peoples Church.
- 24—Commencement. High School. Monticello, Ind.
- 25—Address. State Teachers College. DeKalb, Ill.
- 25—Commencement. Bellflower, Ill.
- 26—High School Commencement. Leroy, Ill.
- 27—Commencement address. Oblong, Ill.
- 29—Sermon. Peoples Church.
- 29—Radio Address. Longene-Wittnauer Hour.
- 29—Radio Address. W.B.B.M.
- 29—Memorial Address. Typographical Union.
- 30—Commencement address. Watseka, Ill.
- 31—Commencement address. Waverly, Iowa.

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Funerals

- 11—Dr. Louis Max Turbin. Interment, Graceland.
- 22—Mrs. Charles Johnson. Interment, Graceland.
- 28—Mrs. Anna Francis. Interment, Graceland.

Weddings

- 7—William P. LaRue and Evelyn Blaul.
- 7—Ray Melinder and Margareta Eck.
- 8—James J. Sykes and Florence Wyer.
- 8—Spencer P. Bissell and Viola E. Kornebagen.
- 21—Charles H. Wilson Jr. and Grace O'Brien.
- 21—Louis E. Pfannkuche and Mildred Zierke.
- 28—Carl Steffensen and Rosella Schneider.
- 29—George John Dufresne and Annie Helm.
- 29—David Glicenstein and Emma B. Dudley.

• • •

 ANOTHER YEAR

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Another year of my work with the Peoples Church of Chicago has come to a close. Sunday morning June 12th saw the end of 26 years of my ministry. It was the largest and most inspiring closing service in our history. The weather was ideal—a beautiful June day—neither too warm or too cool. As I left my home for the service I was certain the appeal of the out-of-doors would be an unsuccessful competitor for a church service. I entered the pulpit with some concern as to the number of listeners, but when I saw the auditorium filled with one of the most eager and responsive congregations I have ever had, my spirit was lifted. In spite of the fact I have had the busiest year of my ministry and for weeks been giving commencement addresses, I felt as though I had not spoken all winter. It was an experience I shall never forget. For 10 weeks it had been necessary for me to leave the service immediately on closing in order to be at Radio Station WBBM at 1:00 o'clock. This has deprived me of greeting friends and visitors after the service. On the closing Sunday I left the pulpit fifteen minutes earlier while the choir carried on with the broadcast. I said "Goodbye" to

as many as I could and as I turned to the many crowding the main floor aisles I gave a brief farewell as hands waved in the air signalling "goodbye." I glanced back as I went through my vestry door. The many smiling faces I can see vividly as I write these lines many miles away from our beloved church. Another year was over!

In 26 years I have missed but four services. I have never made a custom of being absent from my own pulpit several times a year. Perhaps I am wrong about this. Perhaps it would be better if both preacher and congregation had more opportunity of change. But I love my own pulpit. I would rather speak in our auditorium than any building in which I have ever spoken. I much prefer my own congregation to any other and while I always try to do my best I am sure the best work of my life has been done in the pulpit where I have stood for more than a quarter of a century.

The only purpose in writing this somewhat intimate article is to give expression of my gratitude, love and affection to every member, friend and radio listener of the church. Constant reiteration of my appreciation must become wearisome, but what else can I do? I wish I could take each one of you by the hand and tell you personally how much you mean to me. I have been with many of you through sunshine and shadow, I have stood at your bedside when you were ill, I have united you in marriage, dedicated your babies and shared with you your deep sorrow as we have stood beside an open grave. As the years come and go these experiences become increasingly sacred and sublime. I am grateful we could be together during them all. My deepest and only regret has been and is that so often because there are only 24 hours in the day I could not do all I would like to have done. But you have understood and have been sparing in your disappoint-

ments.

As our paths separate for the summer you may be assured wherever I go and whatever I do I will be thinking of you all. I wish for each a summer of restoration, recreation and happiness.

Our services will be resumed Sunday morning September 18th and WJJD will again broadcast. As I write my own summer plans are somewhat uncertain. My beloved niece, who seems like a daughter to us, for over a year has been confined in the Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Pontiac, Michigan. Only a few days ago the physicians have decided on a serious operation—the removal of 12 ribs. While she is only 22 years old her condition is precarious. I was with her when the operation was decided and she, together with my only sister, wanted me to be nearby for the operations which will be done by the removal of 3 ribs at a time about 3 weeks apart. My love and concern forbid me to leave them for the prolonged European trip which I had planned, but if everything goes well I will spend part of the late summer abroad.

Our church office will remain open all summer. The Rev. Henry Clark, minister of The First Unitarian Church, Sioux City, Ia., will be available for all pastoral activities.

Again my appreciation and my love to all—your friend and pastor

Preston Bradley.

JUNETIME AGAIN

By Grace Thayer Bradley

Again June's greenery is here in all its fresh beauty. Treetops blending together harmoniously, — no bare branch is etched against the sky, and in the leafy boughs many birds have built their summer dwellings. I was very glad when I saw a pair of little yellow warblers building their nest in the same place where

we have watched them for three summers past. As soon as I noticed them I put out bits of cotton and short pieces of white string here and there on low bushes. They were quick in finding this building material and soon it was all neatly woven into their home. After a few days five little eggs appeared, and finally we had Mrs. Dione and the quints "all well and happy" in their tiny cradle. Then came busy days for the little parents, both of them flying in and out of the nest continuously — indefatigably from dawn till dark foraging food for their wee birdlings. When the day came for the youngsters to be coaxed from the nest to try their wings we were quite as excited as papa and mama warbler! Over much rain has given luscious growth to the perennials in my garden, but there has not been enough warm sunshine to bring up the annuals. If we have a week of June weather like today there will soon be no bare spots, —that is if our young Fox terriers will refrain from trespassing. The Calendulas were just nicely up when those two Terriers dug two deep holes—turning the seedlings topsy-turvy! The lilac bushes are so heavy with giant blooms the boughs will scarcely hold their weight. Oriental poppies add a blaze of brilliant colour amid the green. Irises have been more beautiful than ever before, and now—alas—are nearly gone!

I never have seen anything more lovely than the pansy bed, velvety — colourful — daintily scented, it gladdens one to know they will bloom the summer through; the little humming birds sipping from their sweetness morning and evening look a very part of the flowers.

The sun is setting in golden splendor. Small white clouds flecking the blue dome's infinitude catch the glow. And now will follow the long twilight, that gift of indescribable beauty which only Junetime bestows. The lake with slightest ripple laps the

shore in a soft hushing song, the gardens scented sweetness rises gently on the evening air. All winter long we have waited for this delightful month—and now it will pass so quickly! So it is with all the most precious experiences in life—we keep them—only in memory. This Junetime will soon be stored with many an other. Junetime—with its wild roses blooming in profusion over the Island,—with its birdsongs greeting the new day and continuing till vespers are softly sung. With its fresh leafy greenness and cool shadows,—its golden days, and peaceful stillness of lingering twilights, when the blue heron flies low across the bay into the shadows and mother ducks paddle near the shore followed by a flock of fluttering fluffy ducklings. When dawn trails her draperies just back of the stars all the sweet night awaiting her hour of glory.

All this—and more—inexpressably more belongs to Junetime—the month we wait—so—long—for. I am glad I was born in June! Perhaps that is why I love it so much!

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

With the coming of vacation days regular meetings of The Woman's Club have discontinued till the fall season. However plans are made for parties of one kind and another during the summer for members remaining in town. The first one being a card party given by the Ways and Means Committee held in Channing Hall June 8th. Mrs. S. L. Hertz, Chairman, was assisted by Mrs. C. C. Christensen, Co-Chairman, and members of the committee. Mrs. Byron, Goode, Johnson, Matthews, Friedall and Tolk. There were beautiful door and table gifts, and the refreshment table was graced with lovely flowers from Mrs. Barney's and Mrs. Fowler's gardens. Mrs. Treichel donated the coffee. Mrs. Hertz the cake which was served during the social hour. Mr.

Christensen made the tally cards. It looks as though every one did something generous to help this party to the success it proved to be.

Dr. Bradley came in for a short time and spoke a few words of greeting.

There was a large number present, and the afternoon a very enjoyable one.

The Ninth District, I.F.W.C. held a picnic at Lincoln Park June 29th when quite a number from the Woman's Club attended. Anything the Ninth District does now has become doubly important since our own Mrs. Hermsdorf became the District's president this spring election, and our past president, Mrs. Pape became the recording secretary. Mrs. Matthews our new program chairman and Mrs. Peirce, president, are busy trying to finish up the program plans for next season's year book.

Everyone is sending loving thoughts and prayers for renewed strength and restored health to our much loved member Mrs. Dora Reynolds. After the summers rest may she return to us well and cheery as ever.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Miss Marie Tilles, Miss Louise Treichel and Mr. James Code went as delegates to the Y.P.R.W. Conference, which is a division of the Summer Conference held every year by the Unitarian Fellowship at Star Island, Isle of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire. They will represent the Young People's Club as well as the Church. This experience will be very pleasant as well as educational. There is no doubt but that the delegates will bring home a most interesting report to be read at the opening meeting in the fall.

The Young People's Club members have plans for various activities during the vacation months, such as hikes, picnics, weinner roasts on the beach, tennis parties, etc.

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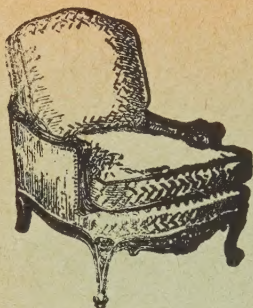
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